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as the son of Manfred; the dream which he relates with averted head to Matilda, after she has procured audience, and when he discovers himself upon that occasion to be her lord, long deemed dead—these were passages all wrought up in the highest style of dramatic excellence. The feelings of the spectators all through are preserved in that awful yet delightful state of suspense which it is one of the chief objects of the dramatic poet to effect. This is in itself sufficient proof of the judicious arrangement of the incidents; while the applause so liberally bestowed on the descriptive and declamatory passages, attest the language to be glowing and poetical in an eminent degree, and the imagery to be drawn from a rich and luxuriant store. We speak in a strain of panegyric, no doubt,—but we cannot help that—we speak from the fullness of our satisfaction. Yet were we required to point out defects, we should readily suggest, by way of improvement, not as subject of censure, the curtailment of some of the speeches of Romoald and Sismondi, in the first act. But even here we should rather incline to suspend our decision; the parts should have been committed to better actors.

To Macready, for his exertions in producing so successfully these fine tragedies, the highest praise is decidedly due. But it would be unjust to allow the splendour of his merits to eclipse those of his helpmate in both pieces—Miss Huddart—who in Josephine and Matilda acquitted herself with distinguished ability. Her portraiture of the gentle affections belonging to the former character, and of the maternal solicitude and distress incidental to the latter, marked both performances as truly excellent. We consider this young lady as an *artiste* of much merit; an ornament to our national theatre. Her accurate conception of the parts she usually plays—and they are of the first order, both in tragedy and high comedy—her lady-like mien, together with her personal attractions, will ultimately, we have no doubt, enable her to attain an elevated rank in her profession; and we have much satisfaction in knowing that the opinion which we now express coincides with that of some of the ablest judges in this and the sister kingdom. Unfortunately we defer too much in this city to the stamp of a London reputation. Many a night did Miss O'Neil play to empty benches in our theatre, before she was led by her better genius to the British metropolis.—But Miss Fanny Kemble will presently be received here with open arms;—and so she should, for though she is not pretty, handsome is—the text is somewhat musty; but we shall present our readers with the comment on Miss K's. arrival.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE THIRD DREAM.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH. (For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

*Louisa asleep on a couch.  
Julia watching her.*

*Julia.*—I'll read no more. The night air locks mine eyes,  
And thickens heavily around my heart,  
Stifling its motion. Night, dull, rayless night,  
How like a shroud, it folds the silent world!  
Sepulchring it within the vaulted skies,  
A dim, mysterious death-space! Springing fears,  
And dusky thoughts, and fancies undefined,  
And shadows huge and disproportionate,  
Of things that never have been and ne'er can be,  
Flit all abroad upon the murky air,  
Blighting the human feelings of my soul,

And giving it a wild, bewildered sense  
Of the close presence of existencies  
Invisible—nay even a dream of sounds  
Whispers into the startled soul strange tales  
Which mortal ears have never heard. Oh! heavens!  
Is that a groan?—Again!—'Tis from the couch.  
My poor Louisa! rest! thou hast need:  
Another long and sobbing sigh. Alas!  
Sleep is not always balmy! Is this sleep?  
Her bosom heaves, her writhing features work  
With the strong agony of deep emotions,  
Aroused in crowding and contending might;  
Large drops are bursting o'er her knitted brow,  
And her white fingers gripe, and clasp, and lock  
With eager and convulsive violence.  
Such sleep is worse than wakefulness. Louisa!  
Awake thee dear Louisa! 'tis my voice—  
It is thy sister calls!

*Louisa.*—Thanks, gentle Julia!  
My own kind sister, thanks! Oh! raise my head,  
And wipe my brow, and turn me on my couch,  
That I may see thee, hear thee, speak to thee.  
Oh! Julia, I have seen such sights!

*Julia.*—Mere dreams!  
Thou art unwell; and when the body's ill,  
The dreaming mind shapes sympathetic visions  
Of unsubstantial evil: nothing more.

*Louisa.*—Ah! Julia! did'st thou know what 'tis to have  
Within the secret chambers of the heart  
The thronged presence of a dreadful power—  
A power at once accuser, witness, judge.

*Julia.*—Sure you are dreaming still! What has your mind  
To fear from conscience? Smile away the cloud  
That wraps thy brow, and darkens o'er thine eye;  
And look as thou wert wont, bright, mild, serene,  
Like the young May-moon in the clear night-heavens.

*Louisa.*—Oh! Julia, would that I had clung to thee  
And thy ethereal musings! told to thee  
The wayward wishes of my feeble heart;  
And ruled my life by counsel! But 'tis past!  
The night of fate has thickened round my soul;  
And chance, and choice, and deeds of other days,  
Have now become the grim and beckoning shades  
Of irreversible necessity!

*Julia.*—Dear sister, how mysteriously you talk!  
Something broods on your mind. For your own sake  
Disburden your sick brain of these sick fancies;  
Give me to share your griefs!

*Louisa.*—Then hear, and pity!  
At least, oh! censure me in gentle words!  
Thou'st seen young Herbert! used I tell thee then  
How like the day-king, burning in the east,  
Extinguishing the feeble fires of heaven  
By his excess of glory, 'mong our youth  
The gallant Herbert shone! To me his vows  
Of love were bread and secret: proud I heard—  
Proud as a queen before whose gold-bound foot,  
The conqueror of a thousand nations kneels,  
And yields the homage of his victor-crown,  
Taming the haughty terror of his words  
To fond submissive flatteries. Even thee  
My proud heart scorned. My soul enraptured drank  
The nectar of his love-tale. Oft we met;  
And glorying in my power, with dalliance light  
I waned with his heart, casting it loose  
Capriciously, then lurking, and returning  
Like a train'd falcon; even till I've feared  
My eagle-captive might his silken bonds  
Burst, and soar freely thro' the blue of heaven.  
But this is toying with my ebbing life!  
We pledged deep vows of mutual love—deep vows  
Of constancy eternal; we exchanged,  
And vow'd to wear for ever next our hearts,  
Ringlets, twin talismans of love and faith!  
But from that hour my tameless spirit knew  
No rest, no peace: the ringlet and my vows  
Were fetters and enthralment; even his smiles  
And soft caresses, and fond blandishments,  
Insulting seemed. Into the giddy whirl  
Of levity I plunged, spurning restraint.  
He saw—he strove to win—to lure me from  
My reckless folly. With cold looks of scorn  
I bade him chide his slaves. Again he spoke,  
He called to mind our vows. With frantic hand  
I tore the ringlet from my breast, I cast  
Its scattered fragments at his feet. 'Behold  
'The end,' I cry'd, 'of the presumptuous spell  
With which thou thought'st to bind me! from this  
hour

I scorn thee, I detest thee!' Calm he stood—  
Sorrow and indignation in his eye,  
Kindled and strove; but on his noble brow  
Resolve sat throned. 'And is this then,' he said,  
'The end of all thy vows? Oh! perjured one!  
Too long, with fickle selfishness, hast thou  
Trifled with my heart's hopes, and joys, and woes,  
Spilling to see me rack'd—thou shalt no more  
Leave me thus! yes! but hope not thou for peace:  
Thy broken vows shall haunt thee! rest, go!  
But on my heart I'll bear thy ringlet still;  
And it shall be, as thou hast said, a spell  
To knit our destinies in union close.  
My bodily form shall meet thine eyes no more:  
But in the crisis of our fate—in hours  
Of agony, of peril, and of death,  
Our plighted spirits yet may converse hold.  
Farewell till then! he said, and with a glance  
That withered all my heart, he pass'd away.

*Julia.*—Sure this is no true tale of waking deeds;  
'Tis all a vision.

*Louisa.*—Would it were! Alas!  
'Tis all too terrible reality!  
He kept his promise: from that fatal hour  
I never saw him more. The serpent tooth  
Of keen remorse, my very heart-strings gnaw'd.  
To stifle self-accusing thought I rush'd  
Into the van of fashion's quackeries.  
Yet while I smiling led the heartless train,  
In very bitterness of soul I scorned  
Their gilded mockeries, their bright deceits;  
But 'mid the gauds of this most barren show—  
This restless dissipation of the heart,  
The bolt of fate, mustered, and aimed, and launched  
By mine own perjured vows, burst on my head,  
And left me scathed and withered to the core—

*Julia.*—What dost thou mean? What bolt? How  
left thee scathed?

*Louisa.*—'Twas a gay scene of sportive revelry:  
The merry dance, the song, the trembling strings  
Of music's many-warbling instruments,  
Had left me warm and listless. On my couch  
I threw my wearied form: a troubled sleep  
Oppress'd me, robbing present consciousness,  
But yielding no repose. I seemed to pace  
With haughty steps, a populous city's port,  
A thousand ships were riding in the bay,  
The countless boats, gliding like living things,  
Seaward and landward: One, I knew not why,  
Attracted my fix'd gaze, amid its crew  
Whom mine eyes? Young Herbert! There he stood—  
One hand was in his bosom, grasping close  
My plighted ringlet; with the other hand,  
He waved adieu to Britain's cliff-bound shores.  
The skies grew dark, the waves rose wild between;  
I saw no more—but in mine ear there rang  
The long, low, pealing of a passing bell,  
And aye it seemed to say, "Farewell, farewell,  
Once, twice, we meet again—farewell, farewell,  
We must as spirits meet—farewell, farewell!"  
In horror I awoke, and waking knew  
My doom pronounced—felt that the fatal spell  
Had caught me in its irreversible toils.  
Yet not the less traced I the giddy road  
Misanamed of pleasure; while the venom'd barb  
Festered within my heart, and in its source  
Poisoned the current of my life. Enough!  
Why should I trace to thee my mad career?  
To see, whose kind endeavours strove to save  
A self-condemned, a doomed, and reckless wretch.

*Julia.*—Dear sister, calm thy heart! Thou wilt re-

And sufferings past will rise a thorny hedge,  
Fencing the path that, in thy days to come,  
Shall lead thy steps to virtue.

*Louisa.*—Julia, no!  
My second knell was pealed; my third is near,  
And it rings out my death-hour. I have held  
Converse with him again, in spirit—seen  
Sights horrible and ghastly!

*Julia.*—Why wilt thou  
Brood on such themes? 'Tis all the spectral work  
Of thy sick fancy. Think of it no more;  
'Twill but increase your ailments. Come, you must  
Yield unconditional obedience  
To your physician.

*Louisa.*—I have more to tell,  
And must give it utterance now—or never.  
Thou knowest but few hours have sped their round  
Since spent with pain and wakefulness, I sunk  
Into a dreamy slumber; scarcely had  
My outward senses shut upon the world,  
When on my disengaged spirit rushed  
Its inward powers that mock at time and space;  
And I beheld across the tropic seas—  
Two mighty fleets borne on their canvass wings,  
With swift encountering intent. They met:  
At once a burst of fire girdled each mass  
Of tilting oak—at once a crashing roar  
Of thunder stunned the weltering ocean-waves;  
Dark sulphurous smoke rose eddying coil on coil,  
As peal on peal the murderous volleys rolled.  
Full in the vortex of the battle storm  
Stood Herbert—grim with smoke his lofty brow,  
Blood-streaked his gallant form: I looked again,  
And on the gory deck rolled in a heap  
Of mangled quivering life he lay! They raised  
His shattered frame, and as they bear him past,  
His one hand in his bosom wrought, and griped  
The fatal ringlet. Louder rung the peal  
Of the wild passing bell; and clearer spoke  
Articulate denunciations—"One farewell—  
Once more we meet again—one more farewell!"  
With fruitless agony I strove to speak—  
To follow him—to clasp him to my heart—  
But here thy gentle voice dispelled my dream,  
And well I know that my 'Third Dream' will come,  
My third knell call, and I shall wake no more;  
Or if I wake it will but be—to die!

*Julia.*—'Tis wrong, 'tis sinful thus to talk! I'll raise  
Your aching head, arrange your downy couch,  
And with soft music lull you to repose.

*Louisa.*—In vain, dear Julia! Repose? Alas!  
I never shall repose again! Even sleep  
Is now to me a fearful enemy,  
Slipping the eager blood-hounds of despair,  
And fell remorse, till my whole soul is wild  
With frantic horror! No, I dare not sleep!

*India.*—Forget these stern illusions! Sleep shall yet  
Bathe thy fair temples with untroubled peace,  
And thou shalt wake and smile in placid bliss.  
Let the soft fallings of my stilly lay  
Charm thee to quietude: sleep, dear one, sleep!

[Soft Music.]

## SONG.

Come, gentle sleep, thou dewy power,  
With drooping eye and soundless tread,  
Come, gliding from thy starlight bower,  
And softly veil her weary head!  
Let thy light finger seal her eyes;  
Sprinkle Lethæan dews around;  
Still the quick heaving of her sighs,  
Bid her repose be deep and sound!

Ye blissful dreams! serenely bright,  
Come, on your golden pinions borne,  
Come, from the starry cope of night,  
Come, from the glowing gates of morn;  
From all your beauteous fairy-bowers,  
Come, clad in all your angel charms,  
Shed bliss upon her slumbering hours,  
And soothe away her vain alarms!

Rest thee! pale mourner! calmly rest!  
Let peace steal meekly o'er thy heart,  
Hush'd be the tremors of thy breast,  
Far let thy darkening fears depart!  
May guardian spirits o'er thee bend,  
As bends a mother o'er her child,  
Thy sleep from phantom-ills defend,  
Or gladden thee with visions mild!

She sleeps. Oh! may her sleep be calm! Alas!  
How easy 'tis for giddy, thoughtless woman,  
By her own vanity betrayed, to leave  
The path of rectitude! Then how beset  
With terror and remorse! And to return,  
How only not impossible! Oh! why  
Thus tempted, tortured, were we made so frail!  
Yet it were well, could we this lesson learn—  
When we are gentle, modest, constant, mild,  
Then is our strength invincible.

Louisa.—"Farewell!

The wierd is dread—the knell rung out—farewell,  
And hail for ever!" Herbert, yes! I come!  
The "Third Dream," and the third knell summon me!  
Bend not thy stony eyes on me! I feel  
The spell of that dread vow, dragging my soul  
From its weak tenement! I come, I come,  
To meet—oh! horror!—oh! despair!—the doom  
Of pride and perjury! Life—death, farewell,  
For ye are nothing! Hail eternity!—(dies.)

w. m. h.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES, &amp;c.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are about to publish, dedicated by permission, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Illustrations of the Exodus, consisting of six views from drawings taken on the spot, during a journey through Arabia Petra, in the year 1823, by W. H. Newnham, Esq. and engraved on stone, by J. D. Harding. The scenes portrayed are those in which the principal events recorded in Exodus occurred. The scriptural passages thus illustrated, are to be given on a page of letter-press, facing each plate, together with remarks, notes, &c. explanatory of the present state of the country and its inhabitants. Proposals for publishing the Wycliffe Versions of the old Testament are circulated, under the sanction of the Royal Society of Literature. The editors are, the Rev. I. Forshall and Mr. Madden, both eminent scholars, and connected with the British Museum; so that we may expect a work of great interest both to English philology and the Protestant religion, from their hands. The author of Rome in the 19th century, and the Continental Adventures, is said to be preparing a new work. By Mr. Ferrari, one of the oldest musical professors in London, we are promised Memoirs of his Life, and anecdotes of his musical contemporaries. Mr. Ferrari was the intimate friend of Paisiello, and Haydn, the preceptor of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and of Madame Catalani.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. V.—Kater and Lardner's Mechanism, foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.—Traveller's Venerable Affections, 8vo. 3s. boards.—Cooper on the Testis, royal 4to. India, plain, £1. 11s. 6d. coloured, £3. 3s. boards.—Bell on the Nervous System, 4to. £1. 16s. boards.—Hoole's Mission to India, Part II. 8vo. 3s. 6d. boards.—The Game of Life, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. boards.—Beale on Deformities, 8vo. 12s. boards.—Ingli's Vindication of Christian Faith, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Kodas on the Battle of the Monastery, 8vo. 3s. 6d. boards.—Croly's Poetical Works, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.—Family Classical Library, Vol. IV. 8mo. 4s. 6d. boards.—Grammar of the German Language, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Silney Anecdotes, Part II. 8mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Spalding's Scotland, 8vo. 12s. boards.—Quarterly Part of the Foreign Literary Gazette, in wrapper, 10s. 10d.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &amp;c.

S. & R. will easily see why we have postponed his favour till next Number: meanwhile, we shall always be glad to hear from him.

We regret that we cannot comply with the wish of our Neagh correspondent.

We are much obliged to 'Marye of Limerick' for her zeal and good wishes.

M. of T.C.D. at an early day.

G.P.M. seems to think he is our only unanswered correspondent; we have to apologise to him in common with a thousand others, for not performing impossibilities.

From the channel in which our thoughts have naturally been running this week, our readers will probably think this Number a sombre one; but as we love to be merry, as well as wise, let them only wait till next week, when the holidays come, and *lambs may play*, and they shall find us as sparkling and green as the sunny meadows gemmed with morning dew, and gay as the larks that soar and sing in the blue skies above them.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

Royal Hibernian Academy, April 7th, 1830.

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